

9th grade essay winner
Lakeridge Jr. High
Sierra Hermann

It was dawn. The air was chilly as my dad and I launched our fishing boat. The sun was coming up over the mountain. We set off through the Scofield toward our hot spot.

The sun was shining bright as dad and I ate our sack lunches later that afternoon. It was already 2:00 pm and we hadn't even gotten a bite! We sat there watching the birds fly and other people catch fish.

Dad and I decided to switch hot spots. We cruised our small boat to the opposite side of the lake. We sat eating twinkies with the sun shining on us. We soaked our feet in the water. Still no bites.

The sun was beginning to set, and it was time to go. I felt the warm air on my face as we headed back to the dock. We hitched to boat and watched the other fishermen clean their catch. But as we drove down the highway we each had a smile on our faces.

I woke up as the bell rang in English. I wiped the drool off my cheek and gathered by stuff. I didn't feel any warm air on my face as I walked to math.

I got an "A" on my math test and an "A" on my science quiz. My art teacher seemed to be in a good mood today, and I got the last brownie at lunch. It was a successful day at school. But even with a bad day of fishing, there's nothing I'd rather do than fish. It was dawn. The air was chilly....